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Choice Poetry.

THE BALLAD OF ELEANORE.

(We send hereby to our readers of the Kansas Chief, by the way of the Western Union.)

Oh, fairer than the morning,
That comes with the dawn;
Was the look of that sweet Eleanore,
With the deep brown eyes,
As her happy heart grew true,
In the strange, bright days of yore,
When she heard young Edward murmur,
"I love thee, Eleanore!"

Sadder than musical cadence
Of the wind 'mid cedar and lime,
Is love to a timorous maiden,
Heart, in the fresh spring time;
Sadder than the soft spring rain,
And the dew on the grassy plain,
As the sun's rays fall on the water,
That flows in the stream.

They were wedded and true,
Away from the Midland Vale,
Through the golden summer weather,
To Syria's mystic plain;
Together, till and danger,
And the death of their loved ones here,
That death of Eleanore.

Where Eleanore's towers of wonder
Rise high o'er the vale of Trent,
There lies her tomb, and there,
To her home the good Queen went,
To the tomb to the tomb to be buried,
With grief at his heart's core;
And when he came to the tomb,
Rose a cross to Eleanore.

As you trace a nation's crest,
By a line of silver rain,
As you trace a nation's crest,
By a line of silver rain,
So to the Minster holy,
At the west of London's gate,
May you mark how, early, slowly,
Passed the cross of Eleanore.

Back to where Eleanore quiver—
Straight back, by tower and town,
By hill and valley, and river,
For the love of Eleanore's crown,
But, ah! there is a within him,
For the face he shall see no more;
And from the cross of Eleanore.

Years after, steadily dying,
In his heart by the Solway Sea,
With the breeze of Scotland's breeze,
Over the wild sands, wide and free,
He thought, "Eleanore, my dear,
To the happy days of yore,
And to the day, my dear,
The eyes of Eleanore.

Time may destroy these crosses
Raised by the West-King;
But as long as the sea is tossed,
As long as the sky is dark and dim,
As long as London's river
Gleams brightly down the shore,
So shall Eleanore's cross
How he loved Eleanore.

Select Tale.

ARKANSAS TRAVELLER.

In the early settlement of Arkansas, a traveller, after riding some eight or ten miles without meeting a human being, or seeing a human habitation, came at length, by a sudden turn of the road, to a miserable "shanty," the centre of a small clearing, in what had originally been a "black-jack thicket," whence the only sound that proceeds is the discordant music of a broken-winded fiddle, from the troubled bowels of which the occupant is laboriously extorting the monotonous tune known as, "The Arkansas, or Racksack Traveller." Our traveller rises up within a few feet of the door, which was once the bed frame of a cart-bow, now covered with bear skins and hung upon two wooden hinges. After shaking the inmate appears, fiddle in hand, and evidently "washed" at his art, interrupted in the exercise of his art, the following colloquy ensues, the indefatigable fiddler playing the first strain of "The Arkansas Traveller," which, in fact, he continues at sudden intervals, until the dialogue, as will be seen, is brought to an unexpected conclusion. If this be not "seeking lodgings under difficulties," we should like to know what is legitimately so considered:

TRAVELLER.—"Friend, can I obtain accommodations for the night with you?"
ARKANSAS "ARTIST."—"No, sir—nary 'commodation."

T.—"My dear sir, I have already travelled thirty miles to-day, and neither myself nor my horse has had a mouthful to eat, why can't you accommodate me for to-night?"

A.—"Just 'kase it can't be did. We're plum out of everything to eat in the house. Bill's gone to mill with the last rubbin' of corn on these premises, and 'I'll be nigh onto the shank of to-morrow evenin' afore he cums home, unless somethin' 'omocummon happens."

T.—"You surely have something that I can feed my horse: even a few potatoes would be better than no food."

A.—"Stranger, our eatin'-roots gin out about a week ago; so your chance is slim 'dare."

T.—"But, my friend, I must remain with you any way. I can't go any further, whether I obtain anything to eat or not. You certainly will allow me the shelter of your roof?"

A.—"It can't be did, old hoss. We've got only one dried hide on the premises, and me and the old woman allus occupies that; so whar's your chance?"

and blanket I'll make a bed in the fence-corner."
A.—"Hitch your horse to that 'simmon tree?—in a horn! Why you must be a nat'l fool, stranger! Don't you see that's me an' the old woman's only chance for 'simmon-beer, in the fall of the year? If your horse is so tamed hungry as you say he is, he'd griddle it as high up as he could reach, afore mornin'!"

Hitch your horse to that tree! I 'spect not; no, no, stranger; you can't come nary such a lodge as that!"

Our traveller seeing that he had an original to deal with, and being himself an amateur performer upon the instrument to which the settler was so ardently attached, thought he would change the tactics, and draw his determined not to be "host" out a little, before informing him that he, too, could play the "Arkansas Traveller," which once being known, he rightly conjectured, would be a passport for his better graces.

T.—"Well, friend, if I can't stay, how far is it to the next house?"
A.—"Ten miles; and you'll think they're mighty long ones, too, afore you get thar. I came nigh unto forgettin' to tell you the creek is up; the bridge is carried off; there's nary yearthly chance to ford it; and if you bound to cross it, yer'll have to go about seven miles up the stream, to old Davy Lody's punchoon bridge, through one of the biggest bamboo swamps you ever see. I reckon the bridge is standin' yit—'twas yesterday mornin', though one cend had started down stream about fifteen feet or such a matter."

T.—"Friend, you seem communicative, and if it's no offence, I'd like to know what you do for a living?"
A.—"No offence on yearth, stranger; we just keep a grocery."

T.—"A grocery? Where in the name of all that is mercantile do your customers come from? Your nearest neighbor is ten miles distant?"

A.—"The fact is, me and the ole woman is customers yet; but we 'spect these diggins will improve, too. How 'sever we do suthin now, even. Me an' the ole woman took the cart 'otter day, and went to town; we bort a bar'l of whiskey; and arter we cum home, and 'gin to count the balance on hand, we found there wa'n't but just one solitary picyune left, and as the ole woman allus carries the puss, in course she had it. Well, I sot the bar'l agin one side of the room, and shortly arter, the ole woman sez: 'S'posin' you tap your end of the bar'l, and I did; and she bort a drink and paid me the picyune. Pretty soon I begun to get dry, and sez I: 'Ole woman, s'posin' you tap your end of the bar'l, and she did; and then she sell me a drink; and the way that picyune has travelled back'ards and for'ards over the bung of the bar'l, is a cantion to them as loves 'red eye.' But, stranger, losses is apt to come with every business; and me and the ole woman has lost some in the grocery business; and I'll tell you how 'twas. Bill, our eldest son, he sees how the licker war goin', and didn't have nary red to jine the retail trade; so one night he crawls under the house, and taps the bar'l atwixt the cracks in the punchoon floor; and I r'ally believe he's got more than me or the ole woman 'tither; the good for nothin' vagabond, to come the 'ginn' over his nat'l born parents; it's 'nuff to make a man sour agin all creation; that boy'll be the ruination of us yet. He takes to trickery just as natural as a hungry 'possum takes to a hen roost. Now, stranger, what on yearth an I to do? He beats me and the ole woman intirely."

T.—"It would be difficult for me to advise in regard to your son, as I have no family of my own. You say it's ten miles to the next house; the big creek is up; the bridge carried away; no possibility of fording it, and seven miles thro' a swamp to the only bridge in the vicinity! This is only a gloomy prospect, particularly as the sun is about down; still my curiosity is excited, and as you have been playing only one part of the 'Arkansas Traveller,' ever since my arrival, I would like to know, before I leave, why you don't play the tune through?"

A.—"For one of the best reasons on yearth, old hoss—I can't do it. I don't lart the turn of that tune; and I hain't no I b'lieve I ever shall."

T.—"Give me your instrument, and I'll see if I can play the tune for you."

A.—"Look o'here, my friend, do you play the turn of that tune?"

T.—"I believe I can."

A.—"Light, old hoss!—we'll find a place for you in the cabin, sure. Ole woman! (a 'hallo' within the shanty was the first indication the traveller had of any other human being on the premises,) the traveller plays the turn of the 'Racksack Traveller.' My friend, hitch your horse to that 'simmon tree, or anywhere you please. Bill'll be here soon, and he'll take keer of him. Ole woman, you call Sal and Nance up from the spring-house, and cut off a good large piece of bear-steak, to brile for the stranger's supper; tell Sal to knock over a chicken or two, and get out some flour, and have some flour-doin's and chicken-fixin's for the stranger. (Bill just heaves in sight, twenty-four hours before.) Bill, he was expected a half hour here, and he O, Bill! there's a stranger here, and he plays the turn of the 'Racksack Traveller,' go to the corn-crib and get a big pumpkin, and bring it to the house, so that the stranger can have suthin to sit on and skin a 'water' long with me and the ole woman, while the gals are gettin' sup-

per; and Bill, take the hoss, and give him plenty of corn: no nabbins, Bill; then rub him down well; and then, when you come to the house, bring up a dried hide and a bar-skin, for the stranger to sleep on; and then, Bill, I reckon he'll play the turn of the 'Racksack Traveller' for us."

The pumpkin was brought; the taters were skinned and eaten; the turn of the 'Racksack Traveller' was repeatedly played, to abundant edification; and the gals finally announced that supper was ready; and, although instead of store-tea, they only had 'saxifex tea-doin's,' with-out milk, yet the repast was one to be long and gratefully remembered. The traveller remained all night, and was piloted safely over the big-creek, early next morning. Of a truth, "music has charms to soothe the savage breast!"

Miscellaneous.

MARY OF ARGYLE.

I have heard the minstrel sing
His love-song to the moon;
I have seen the dew-drop cling
To the rose-leaf newly blown;
But a sweeter song has cheered me,
At the evening's gentle close;
And I've seen an eye still brighter
Than the dew-drop on the rose.

'Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary,
And thine artless, winning smile,
That has made this world as Eden,
Bonny Mary of Argyle!

Though thy voice may lose its sweetness,
And thine eyes its brightness, too;
Though thy step may lack its fleetness,
And thy hair its sunny hue;
Still to me thou wilt be dearer
Than all the world shall show;
I have loved thee for thy beauty,
But not for that alone:

I have watched thy form, dear Mary,
And thy goodness was the while
That has made this world as Eden,
Bonny Mary of Argyle.

(From the New York Tribune.)

The Presidency in 1860.

A new President of the United States is to be chosen next year. We say a new one, because not more than half a dozen persons, including the Hon. James Buchanan, have any idea of re-electing that eminent functionary. Franklin Pierce is a possible candidate; so is Caleb Cushing; so are five hundred or five thousand others; James Buchanan is an impossible one. We are to have a new President, and very probably new candidates on all hands.

This paper is pretty well understood to favor the policy of such action and the cultivation of such a spirit on the part of the Republicans as will secure, if possible, a union of the Opposition in the election before us. We do not deem it necessary again to contradict the rumors from time to time set afloat that we are laboring to nominate and elect A. B. or C. The single end we keep in view is the triumph of our principles, and the consequent advancement of our country's prosperity and honor. The elevation of A or B to the Presidency may seem to us desirable, but the triumph of our cause is of infinitely greater importance. Men are at best but means to an end; and that is not their own induction into the Presidential chair.

In the last Presidential contest, the votes of the American People were divided as follows:

Buchanan,	1,838,232
Fremont,	1,341,515
Fillmore,	874,707
Fremont and Fillmore together over Buchanan,	377,989

Of course it is plain that a substantial, practical union of the electors who supported Fremont and Fillmore respectively insures a triumph in 1860, even though there should be some scaling off on either side, as there probably would be. We can afford to lose One Hundred Thousand of the Opposition vote of 1856, and still carry the next President by a handsome majority.

Is there, then, any insuperable obstacle to a substantial union of the Opposition in 1860? In other words—What do the Republicans insist on as essential that the other branch of the Opposition cannot concede to them? Doubtless, there are Republicans whose opinions and feelings with regard to slavery are such as are not acceptable to conservative Whigs. We, for instance, regard the continuance of Human Slavery as at once a great crime and a great blunder—as the main, inciting cause of our country's misfortunes and perils. We do most earnestly believe that Virginia, for example, would have had double the population and treble the wealth she now has, had her soil never been pressed by the foot of a slave. So of North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee; so, emphatically of Maryland, Missouri, Texas. But even we have no idea that the Federal Government ever will or should undertake to intermeddle with the existence of Slavery in any State of this Union. We ask that Government simply to let Slavery in the States alone, protecting the inviolability of its Moors, and that personal liberty which the Federal Constitution guarantees to every citizen, leaving the overthrow of slavery to the natural growth and diffusion of Intelligence, Humanity and Religion. That the Federal Government should cease to be the active champion and propagandist of slavery, whether in its domestic or its foreign policy, we do urge and insist. Beyond

that point, we do not ask or expect to do so.

What the Republican party unitedly demand and insist on, is such a change in the policy of the Federal Government as will render it no longer a patron and partisan, but an opponent of the future extension of slavery. We insist that in future it shall act with regard to slavery extension in the spirit which indeed Jefferson to devise, and Washington to sanction its interdiction in the Federal Territories and Gen. Taylor to favor its exclusion from California. So much, in essence, the Republicans must and will insist on. How many of the other wing of the Opposition will object to it? In other words: How many of the conservative Whigs desire that the Federal Government shall continue to be employed, as it has been through the several Democratic Administrations since Tyler's apostasy, as an agency for the propagation and diffusion of Human Slavery?

We do not believe that there are ten thousand voters in the Union outside of the National Democratic organization, who desire the extension of slavery, or that the Federal Government shall favor such extension. In our intercourse with Southern Whigs—and it has not been very limited—we never met one who did so who does not now call himself a Democrat.

If, then, we are not essentially at variance on this point, we insist that no insurmountable barrier exists to prevent the "fusion" we desire. We believe that Maryland, Delaware, and Missouri, with possibly Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina, may be carried in 1860, for a National ticket, which shall be frankly but not inoffensively hostile to the extension of slavery.

As to our valiant Republican brethren, who keep reiterating that they will never support any but a distinctive, original Republican, and that the platform of 1856 must be reaffirmed *verbatim* in 1860, we simply say, it is not wise to deal in rash promises, rash threats, nor rash prophecies. You will doubtless do what is best in 1860, whatever you may think or say now; and it is not wise to utter hot words which may return to plague you hereafter. If an original Republican shall be our candidate in 1860, you will want our Conservatives to forget that you ever threatened to oppose one of their sort if nominated; while, if our nominee should not be a Republican of '56, you will want to forget those threats yourselves.

We say, then, to the exclusives on either hand, keep cool. Victory is clearly within reach of the Opposition—a victory over which both Republicans and Conservatives will have ample reason to rejoice. Let it not be fooled away by a childish strife about names. When speech tends to irritate and distract, unspeakable is the wisdom of Silence.

Thursday night, after the adjournment of the Democratic State Convention, one of the delegates, from the County of Franklin, wandered to the Gayety Theatre, to witness the tragedy of Othello. Mr. Crisp personated the "Moor," on that occasion, and we must say, looked the character to great perfection. The delegate from Franklin appeared highly satisfied, until the scene in the Duke's palace, where Othello is arraigned for murdering the beautiful Desdemona. Here he knelt his brows, and looked daggers at the scotry general; but when Desdemona herself entered and joined in defence of her husband, and he turned and threw his arms gently about her waist, the delegate went off in a towering passion, swearing it was a "d-d Republican play," not to be tolerated by the Southern people, and stalked out of the house. —Nashville Patriot.

As a party of Pike's Peakers were starting from St. Jo., on foot, a fellow of a most solemn visage shouted out to them at a distance of half a square: "Hallo! hold on there." The gold seekers stopped, while he came up and asked, "Are you going to Pike's Peak?" "Yes," was the rather crusty response. "Well, why don't you wait for grass?" continued the interrogator. "Grass!" ejaculated one of the emigrants, impatiently; "what do we want of grass? We haven't any cattle." "Very true; but you are making asses of yourselves, and ought to look out for provender!" Amidst the roar of laughter which came up from the crowd, the Pike's Peakers made a general rush for the provender; and nothing but a nimble use of his legs saved the wag from a sound drubbing.

HONORS TO A TRAITOR.—Mr. Buchanan has appointed John Hart, formerly editor of the Charleston Mercury, Superintendent of Public Printing. Mr. H. is a disunionist, and to that extent, a traitor. He may be, personally, an honorable and estimable man;—indeed, it is said that he is such—but he hates, abhors, despises, and detests the Union of the States, and has done all that he could to bring about a disruption. He is as much an enemy to his country as Wm. Lloyd Garrison, or any other Northern fanatic, who has become notorious for lack of patriotism. Yet Mr. Buchanan offers a premium to treason, by thus rewarding a traitor; and Mr. Hart, though despising his country, is willing to accept his country's offices.

A writer in the Pennsylvania asks whether "Major Botts" is thought of seriously for the Presidency. No, but we understand Minor Botts is.—Low. Jour.

CONVENTION OF COUNTRY EDITORS.—At the suggestion of Col. Switzer, of the Missouri Statesman, it has been decided to hold a Convention of the country editors and publishers of Missouri, at Jefferson City, on the 8th of June. We want to be there when that convention is held. We want to ask some of our contemporaries, confidentially, where they expect to go to when they die, and how long they intend to live as the slaves of quack doctors, one-horse politicians and non-paying subscribers. A good many of the country editors of this State are practical printers, who know they are doing wrong in publishing long columns of quack nostrums at starvation prices—too frequently for no price at all—and we are anxious to learn their reasons for so doing. Some of them are lawyers, and yet they blow and puff and make pack horses of themselves to sustain the political fortunes of some shallow-pated orator, who, as soon as he gets a seat in Congress, or on the bench, will cut the poor devil of a country editor dead. We want to ask him if Blackstone and common sense don't teach him better.

There are many subjects which should be brought before the convention; and if we had the gift of gab like Col. Switzer, we would make a speech that would bring tears to the eyes and money to the pocket of every country editor in ear-shot. But, being no orator, we will only give the heads of the subjects we would discuss. Follow-countrymen, did you ever know, 1. A prompt-paying patent pill peddler?

2. An honest Eastern advertising agent?

3. A truthful travelling agent?

4. A menagerie man without mutilated money?

5. An office-seeker that wouldn't lie?

We might ask a hundred other questions equally pertinent, which it would trouble our brethren to answer in the affirmative.—Louisiana Herald.

Mr. PIKE, HIS PEAK.—A short time since Capt. Yates cleared from Chicago for Pike's Peak, via the canal and rivers. The Captain has returned without his craft, the Geneva. Here is his log, as published in the Chicago Press and Tribune:—"Eight miles from Chicago, broke a wheel—repaired at Joliet—started again—shot wild hog—salted him—ducks and wild fowl—ducks—more ducks—ducks—the cook falling overboard—Alton broke on our weatherbow—large river—Mississippi—more of same sort, but mud—believed to be an open main of Chicago Water Works—asked wood-dealer, 'called Missouri in these parts'—found an island—landed—named it after discoverer, 'Polegona'—found owner of the island—more ducks—'what will you take?'—\$—'bald face'—sold Geneva to owner—cleared \$—learn that Mr. Pike hasn't any Peak, after all—don't care whether he has or not."

One of the oldest and most highly esteemed merchants of this city, says the Boston Transcript, was recently introduced to the President of the United States, and that officer immediately informed the gentleman that the people of Boston were a "pugnacious set." History tells of certain officials in a former age, who entertained a similar opinion of the residents of Boston; but in the lapse of time, the people of this "village" jealous of their rights, and looking with contempt upon weak and wicked men in high stations, occupy a prouder place in the annals of the period than those who scorned them. George the Third and Lord North were of the same opinion of Bostonians, in 1775-76, that James Buchanan expressed, in April, 1859.

CHERRY CREEK GOLD REMOVALS.—An Inquiry.—The following question and answer are from the Chicago Press and Tribune:—

Editors Press and Tribune:—A few gentlemen of this city are desirous of obtaining, through your medium, the following information, viz: Whether it be practicable to go the entire distance from Chicago to Cherry Creek by water, with a scow drawing from eight to twelve inches? Yours, respectfully, C. C.

Answer.—Yes, if you carry your scow on your shoulders—not otherwise. And in this case, you need not be particular about the draught of your dog-out. You could go as high as fourteen inches!

The Washington States, not many weeks since, assured the country, with all due solemnity, that there was no Democratic party in existence. It is now engaged in collecting the fragments and trying to solder them together for use at Charleston next year. It will be a mournful procession that follows the dear departed (one hundred millions a year), to that convention, and the Charleston Mercury prepares its fellow-citizens for the sad sight by telling them that "the Democratic party of the North, like a festering corpse, is falling to pieces by the decomposing element of sectionalism."—Douglas and Forney will be chief mourners, assisted by Wise and Soule.

The high price of skunk skins has given an unwelcome activity "Down East" to the pelts of "essence peddlers," as has been shown heretofore.—Cleve. Herald.

Some may think it a curious fact (though we don't) that, since the extraordinary advance in the price of skunk-skins, a good many of the Locofoco editors heretofore have gone to work to make each other's hides.—Louisville Journal.

STANZAS.

"There was one to love me in the world,
My brother; thou art gone."—HEWAMS.

By thy banks, then proud Ohio,
With a mournful joy I roam;
The sweet stars of the Summer sky
Are gleaming on thy foam—
I hear thy waves murmuring by,
I watch thy glad waves roll;
They are familiar things to me,
Yet lonely is my soul.

Where is the light and buoyant step,
The kindly heart of yore?
A manly firm was by my side,
When last I sought thy shore—
The green sword of a stranger hand
Now swells above his head;
And I am here, to mourn thy loss,
Thou loved one of the dead.

The fair hills of my native land
No more are bright to me;
The very birds I loved to hear,
Seem mute upon the tree—
So voiceless are my memories
Of all could cheer this heart,
When I think of thee, thou loved and lost,
And how all cold thou art.

In all this wide world, O, tell me,
Is there one who e'er can be
So full of gentle truthfulness,
So faithful still to me?
Oh, friendship's smile seems mockery,
Since thou art more than dead;
Thou wert the star whose constant ray
Shone brightest on life's stream.

Yon river may roll back its flood,
Behind yon forest hoar;
Yon mountain may its topmost crag
Send down to kiss the shore—
With ebbing pang, this weary life
May from my heart-stings wean,
But I shall never give thee, dear,
Oh, "truest heart and best!"

A NEW PHASE OF THE PIKE'S PEAK EXODUS.—Recently we have understood that, while many of these emigrants have the gold fever well developed, there were hundreds, perhaps thousands—these carpet-sack and devil-may-care boys—who have an entirely different object in view. They start with the intention of bringing up at Pike's Peak, or thereabouts, but they don't intend to stay there. It is now said that, being once there, they can readily drop down upon Sonora and Chihuahua, not exactly as filibusters, but with the intention of taking possession—or at least getting a foothold in—those Mexican States. Certain it is, that meetings have been held by them at St. Joseph, if not other places, with a view to consultation about the movement. If they do not find the gold diggings to their liking, then the thousands of idle and disappointed persons about Pike's Peak will be rife for anything, and nothing will be easier than to engage in this predatory incursion into the States of Chihuahua and Sonora. Even granting that their inclinations, in many cases, might not lead them to engage in such an enterprise, yet starvation is a provocation of many wrong doings, and it will be so with them.

That there are many men on the road who seriously contemplate this expedition against the Mexican States, we are all well assured.—Mo. Republican.

THAT DERRINGER PISTOL.—A Baltimore paper gives the history of the infamous Derringer pistol with which Sickles killed Key, and which Sickles' counsel pleaded, (for effect to the jury,) was probably the property of Key himself. This pistol is stated to have been formerly the property of Isaac V. Fowler, Esq., P. M. of New York, who on one occasion, when practicing in a pistol gallery in Baltimore, accidentally wounded his friend, S. F. Butterworth, in the posterior portion of the person, by a premature discharge. Butterworth was sometimes sick from this awkward wound, and on his recovery, Mr. Fowler gave him the pistol as a present. This same pistol Butterworth is believed to have lent to Sickles on the fatal Sunday morning. If Barnum were in the country, he would doubtless secure it for exhibition.

TOO TRUE.—The Louisville Journal says:—The Administration sent out several Governors to Kansas, to restrain the Free State men, and they became Free State men themselves. It sent out a Governor to Utah, to control and restrain the Mormons, and he seems to be turning Mormon himself. It is great at appointing Governors.

FRANKLIN A "RAT."—At the National Typographical Convention, in Boston, a long debate arose upon a resolution offered, to remove the head of Franklin from the travelling card, the mover of the resolution having charged the great printer with "ratting." The weight of opinion, however, appeared to be against the correctness of the allegation, and the resolution was rejected.

A YOUTHFUL PORT.—The Democratic journals are publishing a poetical epigram against Thomas Jefferson, which appeared in 1803, which they claim was written by William Collier Bryant, editor of the New York Evening Post. Mr. Bryant was born in 1794, and consequently could have been but nine years old when the epigram was written and published.

SIGNIFICANT.—We are informed that there are applications now in the hands of the Receiver, for all the 'bit (12½) lands' in the Southern part of this State. It will be remembered that no person can enter more than three hundred and twenty acres. These lands are very rapidly becoming settled upon and improved by free white men.—Mo. Democrat.

(From the Milwaukee News.)

Letter from Pike's Peak.

We give below a letter written from Pike's Peak, by a well known citizen of Horicon, now at Pike's Peak. Every word can be relied upon as true, as the writer is well known in Wisconsin as a man who has the greatest regard for the truth. There is evidently gold there.

Pike's Peak, March 1, 1859.

My DEAR BROTHER:—I promised to write you a good long letter as soon as I arrived here, and I take my pen in hand to let you know that we are all well, and to hope that these few lines will find you enjoying the same blessing. You know we left Horicon for the land of gold about the 1st of February, and we arrived here yesterday. My wife stood the journey first rate, but my five oldest boys were nearly tired out when they reached here. Jane, the little sis, is happy as a lark, and says, "tiss uncle George for me." God bless her sweet heart.

We had all the hardships in the world, before we got here. We lost our horses at Dubuque—they were stolen from us. We got some oxen, and lost them one hundred miles from Omaha. We then tried wheelbarrows, my wife and I wheeling by turns, till the Indians stole our barrows. Then we walked till the Indians stole our provisions, and my family got sick, so I had to carry them all on my back. Our money gave out long before, and for two weeks we travelled through a wilderness where the foot of a human being had never trod; in this condition, seeing no living being, and without money to purchase even a cracker at any of the groceries along the line. We lived on roots till my children all look like pigs, from rooting so long; and I have carried my family on my back, until I am so round-shouldered that I can only see the blue sky and bright sun, by looking between my legs, and up to Heaven's panoply, that way. I lost two hundred pounds of flesh—some meat—when I started from Dubuque, or we should have got along better.

I read in the Milwaukee News that Pike's Peak was a humbug. But it ain't; and the News knows it as well as I do. We got here in the morning, after walking all night, and though we are now twenty-four hours in, are not well off, but have a good prospect.

There is gold here—lots of it. The gophers dig it out of the ground by the bushel, and in the moonlight the whole earth for miles around looks like heaven with its myriad stars, or like a pretty girl with yellow freckles. The woodchucks dig out bushels and bushels of it, and the snakes in this country look like solid gold ones, from crawling among gold chunks. It is found in all sized pieces, from the size of a hen's egg up to the bigness of a large stone, and of the finest quality. We have raked together what lay loose on an acre of ground, and have twenty-two piles about as big as a large sized hay stack. Last night two hundred Indians came to rob us of a set of silver spoons and a fine comb that my wife had to use on the children, and we barricaded our house with rocks of gold, till they could not gain admittance, and were forced to beat to make friends with us. The chief lay down his weapons, and came into our camp, when my wife used the fine comb on his head till his gratitude was as lively as his head, and he was so tickled, that he offered to marry my wife, and show me where gold was in plenty. I loved my wife, you know that, George; but thinking that I might die before I got rich, and feeling that I must make some property to leave my children, I consented to the match, and she has gone off with the Indian, who is a great chief, and taken the fine comb with her. Come out with your wife, and bring a fine comb, brother George.

I am going to leave these diggings for a better one. It is too much trouble to tug and pry up the great big chunks of gold that weigh half a ton or so, and are so thick you cannot get them out without danger of breaking your legs, and am going up to a ravine, where all I have to do is to go to the top of a high mountain, and roll it down to the river.

The country here is fine, but the winds are awful. My boys got so light with eating roots, that I can only keep them by me, or together, by piling lumps of gold about as big as mallets, on their shirt tails, as the little innocents sit down on the grass to play. Everything is grown here. I can raise twenty bushels of wheat to the acre. Oranges, lemons, and all such colored fruits, grow wild here—while melons, pears, apples, peaches and apple-dumplings, are as plenty that they find no market.

Sell off what stuff you have in Wisconsin, and come out here. You can get rich in a little while, and go back in such style that it will astonish the natives.

Give my love to all the folks around the corners, and put a notice on the school house, that they can get an outfit in Chicago for \$200. Come out here, dear brother, by all means.

Yours affectionately,

JOHN SMITH.

SICKLES.—Sickles is in New York; Sickles is staying with a fast friend; Sickles sails for Europe, in June; Sickles goes abroad to recuperate his broken political and social fortunes at home; Sickles isn't going to apply for a divorce. This is all the very latest Sickles news.

The population of the United States increases one million a year, or a thousand every day.